canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtands in the middle of his face?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Why to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong!

*Foole.* Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell.

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Nor I neyther; but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

*Lear.* Why?

*Foole.* Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature, ſo kinde a father; bee my horſes ready?

*Foole.* Thy Aſſes are gone about them; the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

*Lear.* Becauſe they are not eight.

*Foole.* Yes, thou wouldſt make a good foole.

*Lear.* To tak't againe perforce; monſter, ingratitude!

*Foole.* If thou wert my foole Nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Foole.* Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene olde, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad ſweete heauen! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad; are the Horſes ready?

*Seruant.* Ready my Lord.

*Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

*Foole.* She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut ſhorter. *Exit.*

*Enter Baſtard, and Curan meetes him.*

*Baſt.* Saue thee *Curan.*

*Curan.* And you ſir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutcheſſe will be here with him to night.

*Baſt.* How comes that?

*Curan.*



*Curan.* Nay I kno
I meane the whiſpere
guments.

*Baſt.* Not, I pray y

*Curan.* You may t

*Baſt.* The Duke b
it ſelfe perforce into
take my brother, &

muſt aske breefene
cend brother I ſay, n
gence is giuen whe
uantage of the nigh
*Cornwall* ought, hee
and *Regan* with him
gainſt the Duke of

*Edg.* I am ſure on

*Baſtard.* I heare
muſt draw my ſwor
quit you well, yeel
flie brother flie, tor
on me would beget
ſeene drunkards do
ſtop, no helpe?

*Gloſt.* Now *Edmu*

*Baſt.* Heere ſtood
ling of wicked char
cious Miſtris.

*Gloſt.* But where

*Baſt.* Looke ſir, I

*Gloſt.* Where is t

*Baſt.* Fled this wa

*Gloſt.* Purſue him

*Baſt.* Perſwade m
I tolde him the reu

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